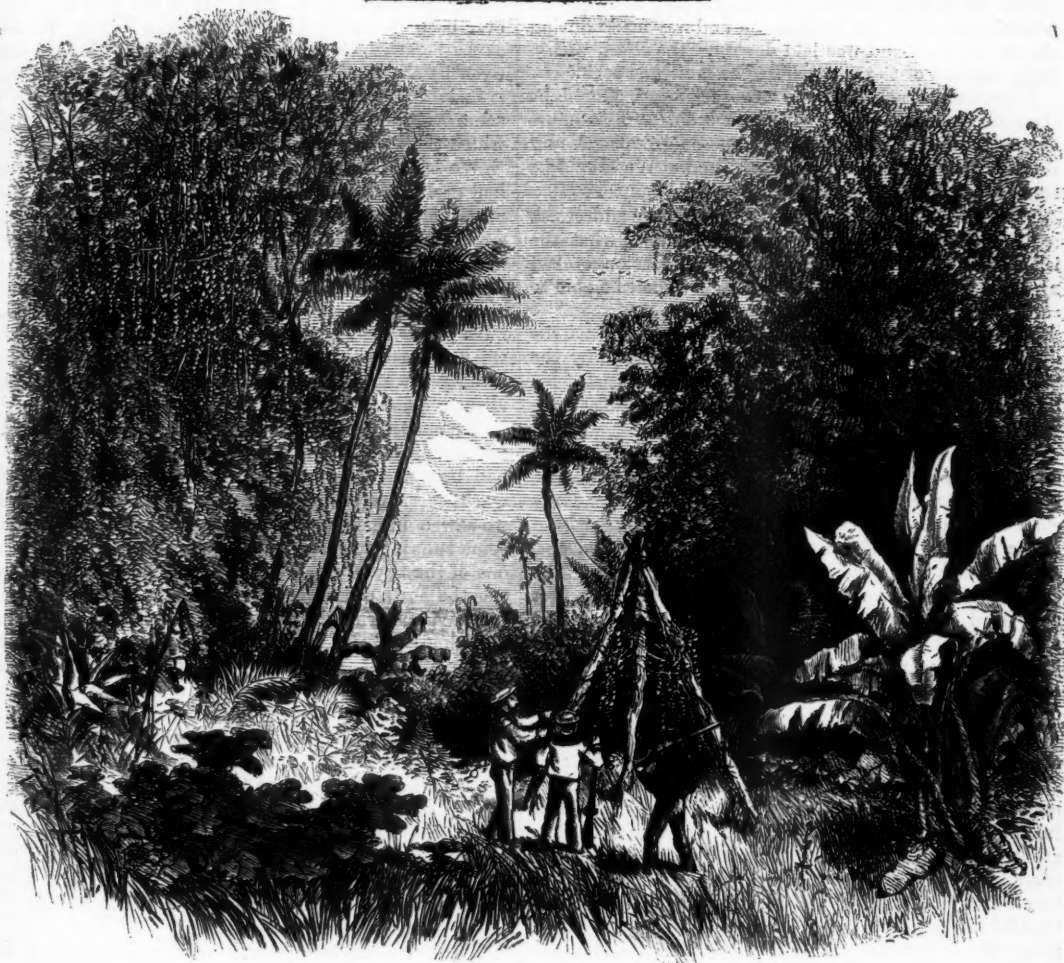


# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE RUSTED BELL.

## STRANGE SIGNALS.

### CHAPTER II.

"LAND!" exclaimed the officer of the watch in a tone of surprise. "Where away, my man?"

"Away to the east'ard, sir, where the clouds are liftin', just a p'int abaft the beam."

The upper disc of the morning sun was now visible above the horizon; the surrounding sky and water were tinged with a deep crimson, and amid that gorgeous glow of light appeared, low down in the horizon, a long, dark line, which, as seen from the frigate's deck, might

be either land or cloud. As, however, the sun rose higher above the horizon, it became more distinctly visible, and we perceived a low sandy beach, to which the rising sun imparted a golden tint.

After having surveyed it intently through his spy-glass, the officer of the watch turned to the quarter-master and asked how the land bore from the ship.

"East by nothe, half nothe, sir," was the reply. "The same bearin's, sir, as I made out the light to give, within half a p'int."

The lieutenant descended to the cabin and acquainted the captain with the new discovery.

"Land!" exclaimed the captain, incredulously. "According to our last observation, we ought to be at least eighty miles distant from the nearest land, even after allowing freely for the way the ship made during the squall."

"It is land, sir," replied the lieutenant. "I can discern the trees on shore through the spy-glass."

Without further remark, the captain, who had already turned out of his cot, grasped his telescope and a chart that lay upon the table, and hastened to the deck.

"No vessel in sight, eh?" he said, after gazing a few minutes at the land, and then sweeping the horizon with his glass. "The sounds heard during the night, as well as the lights, must have come from that island."

The chart was carefully examined, but, allowing all possible errors for dead-reckoning and way made during the squall, no island was laid down on the chart within many leagues of the spot where the land was seen.

"Neukahiva, according to our reckoning, should be the nearest land," continued the captain. "This must be an outlying island of the Marquesas group. A new survey of these seas is much required. We should be some thirty leagues from Neukahiva—eh, master?"

"So I reckon, sir," replied the officer thus addressed.

"Well, we'll take a run on shore, and see what the island looks like, and clear up the mystification of last night, if possible. At twelve o'clock we shall be able to ascertain the exact position of the ship."

The land had at first appeared to lie low, but, as the light haze which hung over it was dissipated by the morning sun, we perceived that the sandy beach extended but a short distance from the shore, and that lofty well-wooded hills rose a few miles inland.

We were only about three leagues from the shore at daybreak, and (the breeze freshening as the sun rose higher in the heavens) in less than an hour the land was close under our lee. The frigate was "hove to" within half a mile of the shore, the pinnace was hoisted out, and the first and second cutters were lowered. The captain and all the ward-room officers (except the first and third lieutenants, who remained in charge of the ship), several of the midshipmen, and a large party of seamen and marines, descended into the boats, and in less than a quarter of an hour the whole party landed on the beach.

The land near the shore presented a dreary, desolate aspect, as is frequently the case with islands which consist of basaltic and other igneous formations, as do the majority of the islands of the Pacific Ocean; but a mile inland the soil was covered with a bright verdure. The scenery was varied and beautiful, and was in some places truly romantic. To our great surprise and disappointment, however, the island, though it abounded with bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, *ritu* or native chestnut, *ahia* (a plant which produces a pulpy, acid fruit), and other trees and plants, indigenous to Polynesia, which are of utility for human support, and all of which were bending beneath the weight of their produce, appeared to be entirely destitute of inhabitants. In fact, lizards, which were in innumerable quantities on the beach, and pigeons, and a few other birds in the woods, were the only living creatures we met with, and these were so tame, and permitted us to approach so close to them, that it was evident they were unaccustomed to the sight of mankind. This was extremely perplexing, since the island afforded no explanation of the strange sights and sounds we had seen and heard but a few hours before.

On ascending a hill we perceived the opposite shore about four miles distant; and as we now discovered that no ship had hitherto been concealed from our view by

the land—a circumstance we had thought not improbable—we began to fancy that we had been the dupes of some strange hallucination.

As nearly as we could judge, the island was about eight miles in diameter in its broadest part, and about twenty-six or twenty-eight miles in length; but, as both ends were merely long narrow strips of sandy beach, it was determined to thoroughly explore the central portion; and for this purpose we separated into three parties, and, each party taking a different route, we agreed to meet and compare notes on the opposite shore.

An hour before noon we again assembled on the beach, having, as we thought, thoroughly searched all the wooded portion of the island; but neither party had discovered anything to give rise to the idea that it had ever been previously visited by human beings. We were, as we believed, the first of our species who had stood upon its shores since—perhaps many centuries before—it had been thrown up, above the coral formations, by some volcanic action from the submarine range from which the whole of Polynesia has its origin.

We had discovered two lakes of pure fresh water, and had passed over many wide tracts of land capable apparently of the highest cultivation, and were wondering among ourselves that an island that could support a large population for its small surface should be entirely destitute of human, and almost entirely destitute of animal life; and we were still marvelling whence could have proceeded the sounds we had heard and the lights we had seen during the night, when "clang, clang" came the sound of a bell, apparently from a dense thicket about a quarter of a mile distant.

We started, and looked at one another. The bell did not sound as if it had been purposely rung, but as if it had been accidentally brushed against by some passer-by. Before, however, we had time to collect our thoughts, we saw a human being emerge from the thicket and come running towards us, whom we soon recognised as one of the boys belonging to the frigate. So heedless was the boy's course that he stumbled and fell twice on his way, and when he reached us he was pale with terror, and almost breathless from the speed with which he had run. When he recovered breath to tell his story, he said he had gone into the wood to try and shake down some cocoa-nuts from the trees, but, finding himself unable to effect this, he had "shinned" up one of the tallest of the trees, and had just reached the nuts clustered beneath the leaves, when he heard the bell ring seemingly close to him, upon which he had come down with a run, and made his escape from the wood.

"You young coward!" said the second lieutenant. "Is this all you have to tell us? You should have found out where the bell was, and what caused it to ring. A pretty fellow you are for a sailor!"

The wood had been passed by in consequence of the density of its undergrowth, into which no one had thought it worth while to penetrate; but we now resolved to search it narrowly, not with the expectation of finding it inhabited, but in the belief that some shipwrecked seamen had, at one time or another, taken up their abode within it, and had probably left behind them some tokens to prove the fact.

The wood was of much greater extent than we had supposed it to be; but, though the boy led us to the tree which he said he had climbed, we saw no traces to show that the spot had ever been inhabited. On shaking the tree violently, however, we heard a bell distinctly, apparently within a few yards of the spot. On examining the trunk more narrowly we saw that a stout wire was attached to it, near the top, from whence the large

leaves spring; and, following the course of this wire, we came to a clearing of about a quarter of an acre in extent, in the centre of which a ship's bell, eaten with rust, was suspended beneath a rudely-constructed triangle. Our curiosity was now thoroughly excited; but, while we were still examining the bell, a boatswain's mate, who had remained behind, came up in great haste to say that he had discovered the ruins of a hut in another clearing a few yards beyond the tree.

The captain, accompanied by most of the officers and men, followed the boatswain's mate to a slope from which the sea was distinctly visible; and in the centre of a clearing, of smaller extent than that in which the bell was hung, were the remains of a completely dilapidated log-hut, roofless, and in ruin. It was sufficiently manifest, however, from the method of its construction, that the hut had been erected by Europeans; while it appeared as if it had been destroyed by violence rather than by stress of weather or other accident. Apparently, also, it had been occupied for a considerable length of time, for the soil in its vicinity showed evidences of former cultivation, though what appeared to have once been a garden was now all overgrown with long grass and weeds.

A further examination betrayed the fact that the spot had been selected as a place of residence with great care and caution. The two clearings were about equidistant from the cocoa-nut tree, and within twenty yards of each other, yet both were so perfectly concealed by the surrounding dense growth of underwood, apparently planted and trained for the purpose of concealment, that, had we not been led to search the wood thoroughly, our entire party might have passed by between the two without discovering either one or the other.

The *débris* of the ruined hut were carefully turned over and searched, in the hope that something might be found that would afford some clue to the names, numbers, or condition of the persons by whom it had been occupied, but for a long time the search proved futile. At length one of the sailors raised a portion of the roof, and found beneath it a Church prayer-book and an old English almanack of the date of 1801, both perfect, though they were covered with green mould, and so much injured by damp that the print was almost illegible, while it was impossible to make out the names that were written on the fly-leaves. A further search brought to light an old sailor's jacket, and a pair of shoes, much worn and covered with mould, that had evidently belonged to a woman. Nothing else could be found; and, as our time was limited, we were about to return to the other clearing, when a loud shout from some of the men who had wandered away from the spot arrested our steps.

"Please, sir," said one of these men, addressing himself to the captain, and raising his hand to his hat as he came towards us, "me and my chums have found two graves, w' boards over 'em, down there beyond. There's summat 'scrieved' on the boards, sir; but we arn't no schollards, and we can't read it."

"Lead the way to the spot, my man," said the captain; and, following the sailor to the place where he had left his shipmates, we saw two small graves, so completely overgrown with grass and weeds that, but for the boards, they would not have attracted the notice of the seamen.

Both boards, however, had partially rotted away with long exposure to the weather, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that we were enabled to decipher any portion of the inscriptions that had been carved upon them—evidently with much care and patience.

One of these boards, and the smaller of the two, bore the inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR LITTLE WILLY,  
WHO DIED AUGUST 7, 1803,  
AGED 5 YEARS.

A text of Scripture had been carved beneath, but it was so completely obliterated that we could only make out the words "Matthew, Fifth ch., ver. —"

The other board fell to pieces on being touched, and the words "Dear Mary — July — 02," were alone decipherable.

There was evidence now to prove that two children, at least, and in all probability a woman, had once occupied the ruined hut, and that more than forty years had then passed away since the bodies of the children had been consigned to the grave. Our curiosity was excited to the utmost; and, though it was growing late, and we had a long distance to walk back to the opposite shore, where we had left our boats, we resolved to carry the search still further.

Still descending a slope, we emerged from the wood at the distance of about a hundred yards from the graves, and found ourselves close to the beach. Near this spot were a quantity of human bones, bleached perfectly white, and scattered over a considerable extent of ground. A little farther on we came to the charred stump of a tree, and, beyond this, to several pieces of charred wood, which had evidently formed a portion of the planks and timbers of a ship's boat; and, on turning over the pieces of wood, we found the broken stock of a pistol, the haft of a clasp-knife, and several pieces of the iron-wood lances that are used by most of the native tribes of Polynesia.

We had no doubt now as to what had been the ultimate fate of the unfortunate people who, through some mishap, had been compelled to dwell for a long period on this small lonely island.

Many years had doubtless elapsed since the tragedy had occurred, the evidences of which were scattered around us. The surrounding soil, notwithstanding the lapse of years, still bore traces in many spots of the action of fire, and it needed little effort of the imagination to convince us that the (probably) shipwrecked crew who had erected and occupied the hut, and cultivated the soil near by, had been attacked and overpowered by a band of savages from some not far distant island, who had left none alive to tell the sad story.

The natives of the Marquesas Islands are cannibals, and the traces of fire suggested horrible ideas that we strove in vain to banish from our minds. The bones were all separated, but the conformation of the skulls proved that they were the bones of Europeans; and, though we could find but five skulls, one of which appeared to be that of a female, we made out, by counting the larger bones, that the remains of eight skeletons were scattered over the ground.

By this time the afternoon was growing late, and it was necessary for us to return to the frigate; but the next morning the vessel was brought round to the north shore of the island, and the greater number of our officers and crew again landed on the beach, and proceeded to the spot where the poor relics of mortality were lying. The carpenters had, during the night, made four rude coffins, and the bones were collected together, placed in the coffins, and interred in a grave dug by some of the sailors.

We then proceeded to the ruined hut, and instituted a fresh and minute search for other memorials of its occupants; but nothing more was discovered except a few



remnants of clothing, rotten with damp and age. The savages, no doubt, after they had completed their work of destruction, had carried away everything that was to them of the slightest value.

The bell we removed, and carried on board the frigate. It had once been engraved with the name of the manufacturer, and probably that of the ship to which it belonged; but it was so much eaten away with rust that not a letter of the inscription was decipherable. Nothing more remained to be done, and we sailed from the island immediately upon our return to the ship, and the next morning discovered another and larger island, that was not, at the period of which I write, laid down upon the Admiralty charts, though it is now classified among the Marquesas group.

This island was inhabited, and the natives came off in their canoes as soon as the frigate hove to off the shore. We had no doubt that by the natives of this island (distant only twenty miles from that which we had left) the attack had been made upon the shipwrecked Europeans; but they appeared as if they had seldom seen a ship, and, except by signs, we found it impossible to hold any communication with them. They seemed, however, to be frightened at the sound of our ship's bell; and, when the bell we had brought from the island was shown to three of the older chiefs, we, at the same time, pointing to the southward, and endeavouring to make them understand whence we had brought it, they sprang overboard in terror, and could not again be persuaded to venture on board the frigate.

Their terror on recognising the bell confirmed us in our suspicions, and we surmised that they had discovered the object of their alarm after they had attacked and slain the Europeans on the island, and had superstitiously regarded it as the deity of their unfortunate victims, and dreaded its vengeance. This supposition only will account for their terror, and for their having left the bell where they had found it.

Shortly after this we sailed for Neukahiva, which island was frequently visited by European vessels, even at the period of which I write; but the natives of Neukahiva appeared to possess no knowledge of the two islands we had previously visited; and, to the best of my belief, no clue was ever obtained that led to any information relative to the unfortunate people whose remains we had discovered and interred.

The strange adventure that I have narrated was, however, a prominent topic of conversation on board the frigate for a long time after its occurrence. It was the general opinion among the officers that the agitation, during the squall, of the tree to which the bell-wire was attached, caused the bell to ring, and that the lights that played such strange antics were produced by the action of the electric fluid, during the thunder-storm, upon the iron wire.

Why the bell had been suspended at a distance from the hut, and what was the motive for leading the wire a distance of several yards, in order that the bell might be rung from the cocoanut-tree, when it might have been suspended so much nearer at hand, we were unable to conceive; though, no doubt, had we found the unfortunate people still living, they could have satisfied us on that point.

The majority of the sailors, however, adhered to the belief that the light had a supernatural origin, and was displayed by the spirits of the murdered people to attract attention to the island, and that the bell was rung by the same spirits, who could not remain at rest while their bones lay uninterred.

Many of the sailors are, no doubt, still alive. Some may possibly be found in Greenwich Hospital, who, if they were questioned upon the subject, would still assert their firm belief in the signal-light hoisted, and the bell rung, by the spirits, in the lonely island of the Pacific Ocean.

J. A. M.

### COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOLS, PINNER.

Long, long ago, before the time of railways, the writer made his first acquaintance with a commercial traveller. It was in a little town in Dumfriesshire, near which I had been on a visit, when a student at Edinburgh College. Staying at the inn for a night, to start by the mail next morning, my companion at dinner—and through part of the evening—was an English traveller, the only other guest in the house. The coarseness and profanity of his conversation could not be repressed, and made me shudder to think what it might have been amidst congenial associates. Some noted prize-fight had recently taken place; and I well remember the gusto with which he spoke of the horrid scenes of the ring, and of other brutalizing sports. To me, coming from a manse among the peaceful heather-clad hills, the contrast was the more painful. My first impression of a commercial traveller was by no means a favourable one.

Men of very different stamp I afterwards met, who proved that my Dumfriesshire companion was not to be taken as a representative man. But there is no question that fifty years ago the country travellers, as a rule, were coarser in speech and conduct than can now well be conceived: even down to the days of Christopher North they had the reputation of being a rough rollicking set, as the Bagmen's Songs in "Blackwood" satirically testified.

I believe there is not a single class in the whole community in which the progress of society, during the last two generations, is more marked than among commercial travellers. What education, in the widest sense of the word, has done for all classes, it has done for them: it has improved them in every social quality and virtue. (*Emollit mores nec sinit esse ferus.*) They are still a most genial and sociable fraternity, and know how to have an eye to pleasure as well as to business. But a coarse bagman of the old school would be a black sheep now in a commercial room, the language and conversation of which would be strange to him. The discussions often heard on social and political questions are full of intelligence and good feeling, and young travellers may here gather knowledge and experience which will form no mean part of their education for life. Not many may rise from the ranks to the political eminence of Richard Cobden, or the social usefulness of George Moore; but not a few commercial travellers display the same type of integrity, and benevolence, and public spirit. They have a growing pride of their order, and, as this increases, the character even of the lower grades of the brotherhood must be raised. A new impulse has been given to this feeling in the establishment of a public charity, in which all are interested, and of which all respectable members are zealous advocates or supporters.

In the Fundamental Rules of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, the object is stated to be "the clothing, maintenance, and education of the destitute orphans of deceased, and the children of necessitous commercial travellers." They are admitted from all parts of the kingdom, and of every religious creed, if their parents or guardians consent to their attending the public

worship of the Church of England, and being instructed in the Catechism of the Church of England, or of the Westminster Assembly. A hundred and seventy-seven children were last year receiving the benefit of the institution; of whom a hundred and seven were boys, and

On a bright summer morning of June last year I found myself at Pinner, having been invited to the Annual Examination at the school. By the same train from London a goodly proportion of the guests of the day had come down, including official and important



COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOLS, PINNER.

seventy girls. The foundation-stone of the school at Pinner was laid, about twenty years ago, by the late Prince Consort, who always took a kindly interest in its prosperity. The Prince of Wales is now the patron. In the list of governors and benefactors are many names well known in the mercantile and commercial world. Mr. George Moore, of Bow Church Yard, Cheapside, is the treasurer, and one of the most energetic directors of the institution. It is gratifying to find already among the donors and subscribers many who were formerly pupils in the school, including nine life governors (from donation of ten guineas or upwards), and one annual subscriber of five guineas. A day is set apart every year for a simultaneous collection by commercial travellers at various hotels throughout the country. Last year the collection on "Orphans' day" was made at nearly three hundred and fifty hotels; and the proprietors of even a larger number of hotels are either life-governors or annual subscribers of a guinea to the fund. It is a laudable custom, also, at all dinners of travellers in commercial hotels, when the bill is divided by the chairman according to the number present, to make up each person's share to a round sum, the odd pence going to the school-box: If the share, for example, is 5s. 8d., the levy is 6s.—and the fourpences belong to the charity.

personages, who were saluted by the brass band of the school at the station. With the building and grounds as seen from the railway every passenger by the North-western line is familiar. A very brief inspection showed that the internal arrangements more than realize the notion of salubrity and comfort which the picturesque exterior of the place suggests.

The examination was presided over by a London clergyman, the Rev. A. B. Suter, now Bishop of Nelson, in New Zealand. At the president's request, the examination was conducted by Mr. Saunders, superintendent of the British and Foreign School Society's Training Institution—evidently an old and expert hand at such trials. With much skill and much tenderness the scholars were handled, so as to bring out the attainments of the young and diffident, as well as the accomplishments of the more advanced and self-possessed pupils. The subjects were much after the fashion of all exhibitions of the kind. In history and biography; in geography, "physical and political;" and in all the mysteries of English grammar, the scholars displayed more knowledge than many schoolmasters possessed in the days of our grandfathers. In "mental arithmetic" wonderful feats were performed, to the astonishment of the uninitiated: some of these pupils, girls as well as boys, showed a quickness with figures that a Chancellor

of the Exchequer might envy. This special department of training is no doubt appreciated by commercial men, who know that as much (or as little) wisdom is needed for managing the financial affairs of a house, or a shop, as of an empire. In another branch of special utility, there was a creditable appearance—French composition and conversation; while some pupils had a sufficient grounding in Latin to give aid in the intelligent use of our own, and the acquisition of other languages. Nor must "religious instruction" be omitted, in which a variety of points in "Scripture history and Scripture geography" came under review. The questions in this department bore rather on the curiosities of sacred literature, but the president also tested the training on some weightier matters of the Bible. On the whole, the examination of the pupils was most satisfactory. Distribution of numerous prizes closed the proceedings, which had been enlivened at intervals by selections of vocal music, capitally sung by the children. The good impression made from the *vied voce* examination was confirmed by a statement of Mr. Saunders, who had previously conducted written competitive examinations for special prizes. The general appearance of the children attested that due attention is given to diet, exercise, and the healthful training of the body, as well as to the culture of the mind.

When the prosperity of the school is established in permanence, why should not the same *esprit de corps* and organization secure other benefits for commercial travellers—such as a Benevolent Fund, and Almshouses for aged members, like the Booksellers' Provident Fund and Retreat described in our May Part?

### THE BIG BOOK.

THE sight of the Big Book, by which, of course, we mean the London Directory, always sends our thoughts wandering away through very devious routes, now in one direction and now in another. We have watched the growth of this famous annual, year by year, for something like thirty years past, and can follow its development from the stature of an ordinary volume to its present dimensions, and a ponderosity almost rivalling that of a cannon-ball. We never look on this formidable tome without a consciousness that, solid as it is, it is still more a symbol than a substance—more to be regarded as the type of some million or so of facts, than a mere fact itself. At present, however, it is not our intention to indulge in speculations of a fanciful kind, or to dissertate on the various topics, more or less esoteric, suggested by so vast a mass of paper and print. It suits us, and probably will suit our readers too, much better to amuse ourselves with some cursory glances at matters which lie on the surface, and which, we have a notion, have sufficient interest for the agreeable occupation of a few leisure moments.

We will begin with the names, the patronymics, of the huge volume, and see what can be made of them. It has been said that this enormous list affords the best obtainable authority for certifying British nomenclature; be that as it may, it will, at least, furnish no small amount of material towards an exhaustive essay on that subject, for any one who wishes to undertake such a task.

The first class of names that strike us are those which are plainly derived from industrial pursuits, or other occupations or callings. We may safely assume that the bearers of all such names are the descendants of men who at one time or other followed the callings

they designate. In the feudal times, baptismal names, though by no means so liberally bestowed on the humbler orders as they are now, were often the only names their owners bore, and it was necessary, for distinction's sake, to add the owner's occupation. Thus, doubtless, it was that the patronymics originated, losing their primal significance as they descended from one generation to another. In the first instance, "Giles Plowman" meant Giles the Plowman, and "Dick Miller," Dick the Miller, and so on; and it is conceivable that centuries must have passed away, and new social relations must have taken the place of old ones, before that complete severance was effected between the literal meaning of men's names and their mere appellative function which now prevails. Among the names derived from occupations the most common in our day is that of "Smith"—a fact pointing plainly to another fact, namely, that the trade of the smith was that most numerous followed in the earliest epochs of English civilization—the smith's services being indispensable in the arts both of war and peace. Among other occupation-names, taking them alphabetically, the Big Book has the following:—Archer, Baker, Barber, Bowman, Brazier, Brewer, Butcher, Butler, Carpenter, Carter, Cartwright, Carver, Catchpole, Chandler, Chapman, Clothier, Collier, Cook, Cooper, Cutler, Diver, Draper, Driver, Dyer, Falconer, Farmer, Fiddler, Fisher, Fowler, Gardener, Glover, Goldsmith, Grinder, Harper, Hooper, Hunter, Mariner, Mason, Mercer, Miller, Painter, Pedler, Piper, Plowman, Potter, Sadler, Salter, Scrivener, Seaman, Shepherd, Taylor, Thatcher, Turner, Tyler, Wainwright, Wheeler—existing in very various proportions, but yet in proportions which, as appears to us, somewhat countenance the assumption of their origin as stated above.

A class of names allied to the above are those designating certain articles of more or less familiar use; and their owners may have derived them originally from manufacturing or dealing in such articles. Such are, Banister, Barrow, Bedding, Bell, Binns, Block, Boot, Booty, Bolt, Box, Brand, Bridge, Brig, Broom, Cable, Cane, Cannon, Card, Cash, Chalk, Clay, Cleaver, Coffin, Cork, Dart, Diamond, Dray, Hammer, Jewel, Kettle, Leather, Needle, Physick, Potts, Whetstone.

A large number of common names are derived from the vegetable kingdom, for instance:—Ash, Ashplant, Ashwood, Bean, Beech, Berry, Bloom, Blossom, Brier, Bush, Cherry, Corn, Cotton, Crabtree, Deal, Elms, Forest, Grove, Hay, Heath, Ivy, Leek, Leaf, Lemon, Oaks, Onion, Orange, Pear, Peartree, Plant, Reed, Rice, Rose, Rye, Thorn, Tree, Vine, Wood; many of these being compounded with other syllables; the last especially, with its compounds, furnishing near a thousand entries in the volume.

Another catalogue of men's names is borrowed from the animal kingdom. Examples are—Badger, Beagle, Bear, Bee, Bird, Boar, Buck, Bull, Bullock, Calf, Cattle, Chick, Cock, Colt, Crane, Crow, Daw, Dove, Drake, Duck, Eagle, Emmet, Fawn, Finch, Fox, Hare, Hound, Hart, Jay, Kite, Lamb, Lark, Leech, Lion, Martin, Peacock, Raven, Rook, Seal, Salmon, Starling, Swallow, Swift, Woodcock, Wren, Wolf.

Many names are expressive of character, or of some quality of body or mind. Among these are Badman, Best, Big, Coward, Faithful, Freeman, Good, Goodbody, Goodbun, Goodchild, Goodman, Goodchap, Goodday, Goodlad, with other combinations of Good applicable to fortune or circumstance; Idle, Innocent, Jolly, Meek, Merry, Merriman, Moody, Patient, Sharp, Keen, Smart, Slowman, Speedy.

Though the names denoting colours are very few, they



are yet borne by an enormous number of individuals. The most common of all is Brown: the Browns in London, if those who add a final *e* to the name be taken into the account, almost rivalling the Smiths in multitude. The other patronymic colours are Black, with its comparative Blacker, and its compounds, Blackie, Blackmore, and Blackwood; Gray, or Grey; Green, with its compounds, Greenacre, Greenhough, Greentree, and Greenwood; Pink, Scarlet, and White. Neither blue, yellow, nor purple, figures in the London nomenclature.

Various other sources have been laid under contribution to supply the human family with names. Thus the names of places are also the names of persons, and that to an extent greater than we care to enter upon at present; the reader can, if he choose, go through the whole alphabet for himself, from Aberdeen to York; there being scarcely a town of any note in the whole list which has not a Mr. Somebody of the same designation. Among ecclesiastical names, we have Messrs. Abbot, Bishop, Cardinal, Chaplain, Clerk, Dean, Monk, Parsons, Priest, Prior, Pope. Among titular names, we have Messrs. Count, Duke, Earl, King, Lord, Marquis, Knight, Prince. The parts of the human frame give us Messrs. Body, Bone, Blood, Brain, Foot, Hand, Head, Heel, Tongue. The metals send us Messrs. Brass, Gold, Iron, Lead, Silver, Steel. The landscape supplies us with Messrs. Lane, Hamlet, Fen, Marsh, Mead, Hill, Meadow, Mountain, Ocean, Park, and Vale, with their pleasant accompaniments of Brook, River, Pond, Lake, Pool, and Flood. We get Sun, Moon, and Star, out of the sky; and the points of the compass give us Messrs. North, South, East, and West. From the waters of river and sea we gather Messrs. Fish, Fin, Chub, Haddock, Herring, Pike, Ray, Sole, Roach, Salmon, Trout. From the seasons come Messrs. Spring, Summer, Winter, Easter, Lammas, and Christmas. From the list of meats and drinks come Messrs. Bacon, Beer, Butter, Cheese, Curd, Egg, Gammon, Ham, Honey, Perry, Porter, Port, Sherry, Tart, Pye, Tripe, Veal; and, to finish with these miscellaneous sources, though they are not half exhausted yet, the names of buildings give us Messrs. Castle, Church, Fane, House, Kirk, Mansion, Temple, and not a few others.

Arbitrary names, which seem to have no signification attached to them, are exceedingly numerous, and one comes now and then upon other names remarkable for their oddity, and whose origin—if one could but come at it—must have been connected with something grotesque or ludicrous. A good many of them are of one syllable—such are Bangs, Blews, Bos, Bubbs, Grub, Clack, Dadd, Dobbs, Mabbs, Mobbs, Moll, Nix, Nobbs, Mew, Gad, Gabb, Grigg, Oaf, Pank, Raw, Shanks, Ragg, Tabbs, Tibbs, Tubbs, Zox. Dissyllables of the like kind are Bobby, Bodger, Chopping, Doody, Podger, Rawbone, and the Messrs. Tapper, Tepper, Tipper, Topping, and Tupper. Among other odd names are such compounds as By-the-sea, Go-to-bed, Strong-i'-th'-arm, and such unpleasing cognomens as Blood, Gore, Deadman, and Death. Accident or circumstance sometimes plays queer pranks with men's names: thus Mr. Cutbush deals in garden shrubs, Messrs. Blood and Gore are surgeons, Mr. Felt is a hatter, and Mr. Type a printer; or, contrariwise, we shall find that Mr. Blunt is a cutler, Mr. Joy an undertaker, Mr. Dry a waterman, and so on. Shopkeepers' names have been seen in comical juxtaposition over their shop-doors and windows; a "cross-reading" of this kind was said to be visible some years ago in Oxford Street, to the following effect—we give the legend from report, without pledging ourselves for its correctness:—"O. Truefitt, Go-to-bed,

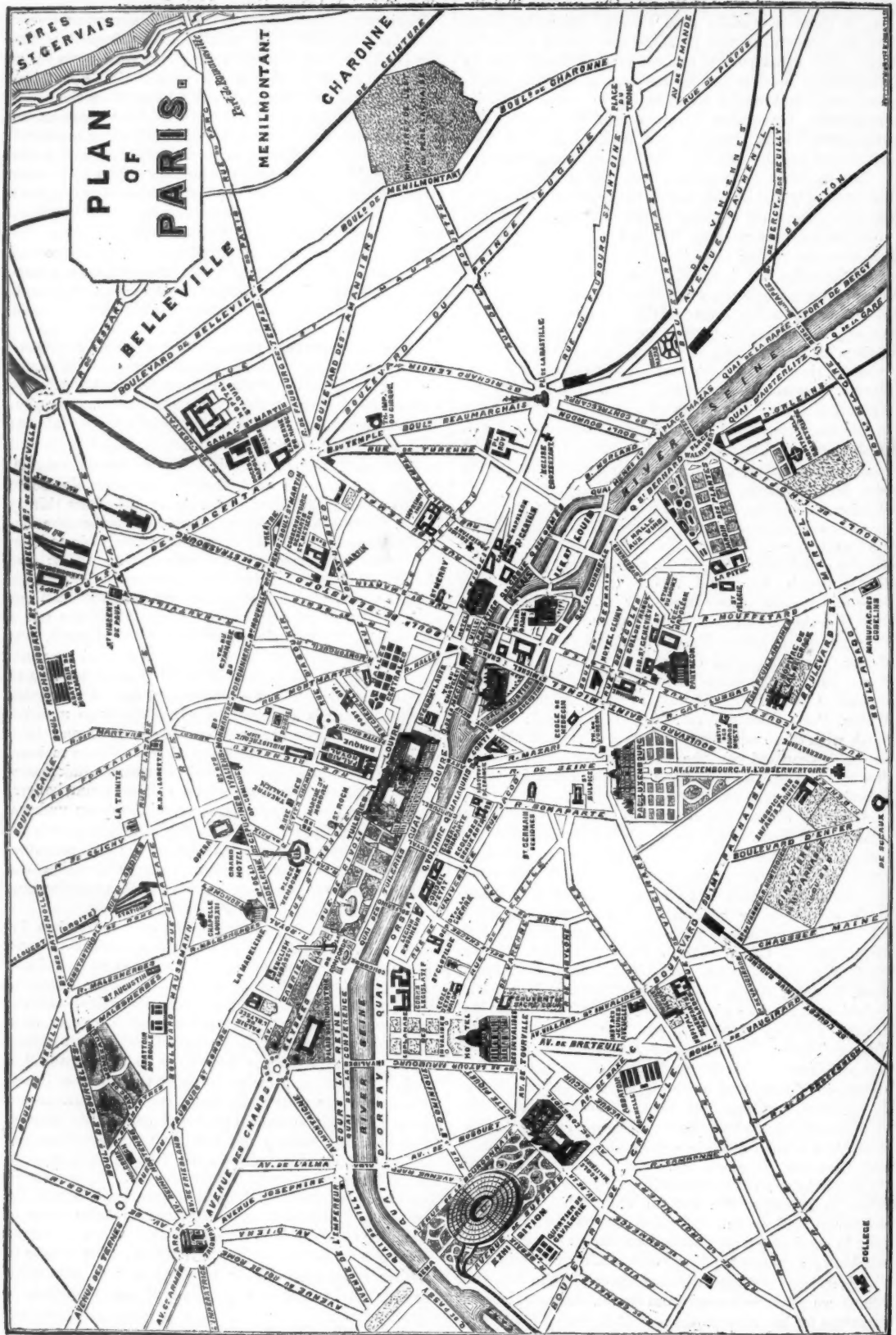
Every, (K)night, (W)right;" and on the other side of the street, "A. Cross, Irons, And. Spikes."

Thus much for the names. We will glance now very briefly at the trades and professions catalogued in the Big Book. It may interest some of our readers to know that there are in London at the present time about two thousand butchers, three thousand bakers, three thousand two hundred grocers, fourteen hundred drapers, three thousand five hundred boot and shoemakers, an equal number, or thereabouts, of tailors, twelve hundred booksellers, eight or nine hundred printers, sixteen hundred carpenters, nine hundred cabinet-makers, five hundred carvers and gilders, and between six and seven hundred undertakers. Among the different professionals, the artists number about seven hundred and fifty, lawyers of all grades and descriptions about three thousand, surgeons and medical practitioners above two thousand, physicians five hundred, dentists almost as many, and photographers about four hundred.

More numerous than the members of any trade or profession are the publicans, of whom there are not many short of six thousand in the metropolis and its suburbs—these are known by their signs, the bare enumeration of which would demand the space of a bulky article; while a satisfactory account of them would supply, and indeed has supplied, materials for an ample volume. Besides the licensed public-houses, there are also some eighteen hundred beershops for the supply of the thirsty lieges. The schools and colleges of all sorts—the disseminators of knowledge—have never been able to keep pace with the disseminators of stimulating drink; and their number now is below four thousand.

It is worth noting that among the numerous callings by which men get a living in London, there are not a few which, though they are intelligible enough, one would hardly conceive to exist at all as trades; while there are some the names of which convey no idea to ordinary minds, but are sealed mysteries. As samples of the first class, we shall take the liberty to mention asses' milk purveyors, bead-stringers, bees and hive dealers, blood driers, coal-dust makers, cockade makers, galvanists, ginger bleachers, hat-band makers, link manufacturers, naturalists, orange-peel cutters, scum boilers, toothpick makers, turtle dressers, widows'-cap makers, and wig-parting makers. As samples of the utterly incomprehensible class, we may quote the say manufacturers, and the sweep-smelters—not to mention the Fidelity Guarantee expert, for whom an advertisement appeared the other day in the "Times."

Since we first knew London its population has increased from under one million to considerably over three millions; and the capital itself has stretched out its arms in all directions to afford them accommodation. The great city grows after a sort of geometrical rate, the increase of each year being always much greater than would accrue from the surplusage of births over deaths—though that averages from four to five hundred a week. The difference is made up by the excess of immigrants into the metropolis over those who quit it—an excess which there are no means of calculating exactly, but which is probably not less than ten thousand annually. Of all this increase, the Big Book is in some sort a testimony as well as a record. It grows as London grows, and registers, as it were, by its annual expansion, the collateral expansion of the dense mass of humanity of which it is the index. What it will become—or rather what London will become in the course of another generation, if the existing rate of expansion remains unchecked, is a question of really portentous significance.



Ge  
a l  
Th  
the  
the  
ag  
in  
fri  
to

bar  
she  
nee  
van  
pre  
hap  
was  
tim  
duc  
so  
dam  
play  
hea  
or s  
in t  
Mar  
cou  
had  
boy  
sol  
litt  
am  
flow  
wat

to t  
som

pret  
was

flow  
sava  
perh

Mar  
"

migh  
W

with  
frien  
desti  
of th  
ties,  
good  
sham

In  
boy,  
and  
was r  
make  
litt  
was  
prof  
store  
the p



# DISILLUSION;

OR, MARY OF THE MILL AND THE COUNTESS MARIA.

## CHAPTER II.

GEORGE remained the only child at the Firs; but after a long interval a fat-cheeked boy was born at the Mill. The little pair often met during the first eight years, though they grew up without the slightest suspicion of their future destiny; and the playful agreement was not again referred to, excepting by the miller when he was in a very good humour. Frau Rau, notwithstanding her friendship, secretly hoped that her only son would aspire to something higher than a miller's daughter.

As long as little Mary was in arms, her intended husband took a very slight interest in her. But, as soon as she could trip along beside him, a kind of tender connection grew up between the two children; and the servants of both houses often said that they would make a pretty little pair. But the miller's wife could never be happy for a moment when she knew that her little girl was in the boy's company; for he dragged her at one time into the stable, at another into the mill, or by the duck-pond; and the little one followed in blind obedience, so that life, and limb, and clothes were in constant danger. When they were rather older, the children played together in the garden, making dolls out of poppy-heads, and then drawing them about in little doll's carts, or sticking chestnut blossoms into the ground, rejoicing in the hope that great trees would grow out of them. Mary had a great horror of beetles, of which George could never collect enough to satisfy himself; but, as he had once seen a collection of stones belonging to a great boy, and began to collect them for himself, Mary resolved to have a "collection" too, and often had her little apron full of gravel stones. One of their favourite amusements was to sit together by the stream, throwing flowers where the water flowed most rapidly, and then watching them to see which would float the farthest.

"They will float down into the Danube, and then out to the sea," remarked George, who had already received some instruction from the provisor.

"It would be a pity if the whales were to eat the pretty flowers," said Mary, whose only idea of the sea was that there were whales there.

"Stupid child!" cried George; "whales do not eat flowers. Perhaps they will float to some island where savages live who have not seen any flowers before; or perhaps they will be taken up by some great ship."

"When you are grown up and have gone away," said Mary, "I will send you flowers by the stream."

"I should prefer apples," said George, "only they might be spoiled on the road."

When George was eight years old, he came to the Mill with his new satchel on his back, to take leave of his friends, as he was going to a Latin school. He was destined to succeed his father in the superintendence of the farm; but, as he seemed to have good abilities, his father would spare no pains to give him a good education, as Herr Rau himself often felt with shame that his own had not been very extensive.

In the consciousness of his future dignity of school-boy, George energetically overcame his usual shyness, and boasted largely of his future wisdom. And Mary was not very sentimental at the parting; she did not make much of the increased distance, and looked at her little playfellow with a certain degree of respect; for he was now to be a boarder, and that seemed a kind of profession in her eyes. She offered him all her private store of apples and pears, which she had secretly hidden the preceding autumn in an empty stall in the stable.

As the road was rather dirty, and the horses were in the stable, the miller insisted on driving Herr Rau and his boy home to the farm in the blue chaise. George mounted the high seat with difficulty, as his well-filled pockets made him rather awkward; but when he was settled he took out one of the finest apples and bit into it as they rode away; a kind of unconscious homage to Mary, and recognition of her love token. Mary rejoiced at it, and went quite contentedly back into the house with her little brother Christian, who had just begun to walk, and did not yet, by any means, belong to the race of promising children.

## CHAPTER III.

THE intercourse between the children was now quite changed; and if Mary sometimes thought of her companion, he played no part whatever in her dreams. She had to go early every morning to school in the village; and after that she remained for some time with the schoolmaster's wife, who kept a school of industry. In order that she might not have to take the long walk twice, her little basket was well filled with provisions; besides which, she shared the schoolmaster's humble meal.

On fine days this was quite a pleasant occupation for the child. Nothing could be more delightful than the daily walk to school. The way led between high hedges, and she could watch their progress, from the time when the first green leaves began to bud till the red berries were fit to be eaten. There grew, too, the palm catkins, the first messengers of spring, and the white thorn flowers, and, later in the year, the wonderfully-formed fruit of the hip, out of which the children made coral necklaces: every day there was something new to bring with her to school.

Then the way led through her father's great meadow, where the apple and pear-trees scattered their snow-white blossoms in the spring-time, and their soft juicy fruits in the autumn. A red apple which falls unexpectedly into the green grass tastes much better than those which can be got at home. Then the path went through the cornfield, where in summer the ears grew so high that little Mary could hardly be seen between them. There she picked blue corn-flowers, with which she and the other girls wove wreaths; red stinging-nettles, which prick your nose when you try to smell them; purple poppy-heads, out of which she and George had once made princesses; and larkspurs, the inner flowers of which can be woven into such lovely garlands. On her silent path to school, with her faithful watch-dog, the child led a rich, ever-changing, natural life, full of ever-new enjoyment.

She showed very little aptitude for learning, and learnt rather more to please the good kind schoolmaster than from any inclination of her own. She greatly preferred the afternoon, when the schoolmistress held her sewing-class in the great schoolroom, called by courtesy the School of Industry.

The discipline there was not so strict as that which reigned in school-hours. When the children had knitted a certain number of rows of the brilliant yarn, laughing, singing, and talking were allowed. They had races in knitting, "Hasenjagen," "Garnmessen," "Zahlerles," as they were all called. When the schoolmistress was absent, they told each other, in an under-tone, horrible stories of ghosts and witches; of the little green man who went about in the school itself; and of the priest's daughter, who had learnt witchcraft from a wicked witch, and could bring milk out of a pocket-handkerchief; and whose father sent her to sleep with a

dose of poppy-heads, so that she might never wake up again, and that he might save his own soul. Oh! that was a delightful horror; and the little girls pressed close together and scarcely dared to whisper, particularly when it began to grow dark. Then, happily, the school-master often came to their assistance, and read them stories from Christian Schmidt, in which a brighter and more kindly element prevailed—stories of the "Easter Eggs," or the "Basket of Flowers," when they wept over the fate of the falsely-accused Mary, and gladly fancied themselves in the beautiful rooms where noble counts and countesses bore rule. Mary was always the most deeply moved. The other children roughly remarked that she began to cry directly. When she heard the story of "Genoveva and the Kingdom of Grief," and of the touching message which the dying countess sent to her unjust husband, she could not be comforted.

"Oh, sir; only go on till they are together again," she eagerly entreated, "or else I cannot go home."

"Stupid child! they were all dead together," said Rosine, the daughter of the landlord at the "Lamb." "It is of no use crying about it."

"But I cannot bear it, when people who love each other very much are separated."

"You must learn to do so, then," said the old school-master, kindly.

In stormy, snowy, and rainy weather, Mary could not go to school on foot, and so the miller's boy drove her in the chaise. If the weather was too bad for her to go at all, she stayed at home, and sat by her mother's spinning-wheel with her little knitting-basket in her hand; and on Sunday afternoon the old schoolmaster came to drink tea with the miller's family, and then he helped Mary in making up all that she had missed at school. The old schoolmaster was not learned. He had not been educated at any seminary, and was by no means up to the times. But he was not far wrong. Besides the Bible, from which he drew all the knowledge and opinions he possessed, he had only one means of secular education, the fruits of which proved of great benefit to his scholars. He read his newspaper, with the map and the encyclopædia, as he often related with complacency, and looked out all the countries, all the foreign words and historical names; and as in his quiet life there was not much opportunity for distraction, he gradually collected together a large store of various kinds of knowledge, and could bring out information at every opportunity. Mary was his great favourite. He was her friend and confidant, and was not very difficult to please as a teacher. By the special advice of Frau Rau an attempt was made to teach Mary music. The miller found a piano at an auction, for three thalers (about nine shillings), "quite a bargain," as he declared. But Mary's musical renderings of the "Schottische" and waltzes, with the piece called "Bloom Flowers of the Field," which she learnt from her master, Herr Zingerl, were quite as weak as the tones of the cheap instrument. Frau Rau once brought the wife of a pawnbroker who was staying with her to pay a call at the Mill; and Mary ead to give a specimen of her musical talent.

"By whom is the piece composed?" said the pawnbroker's wife, who wished to show off her knowledge at the very doubtful sounds which Mary called forth.

"I think that it is by Mr. Andante," said Mary, innocently.

Never mind, Mary, even if your attempts at music are unsuccessful. The life of the child herself was not wanting in harmony; for the lively rushing of the brook,

the restless clatter of the wheels, the golden morning in solitary field and meadow, the quiet evening by her mother's side, with the great family Bible—these were all separate tones which combined to make lovely harmony in that young soul; the more beautiful, perhaps, because unknown to herself.

George, who sent very satisfactory reports home from school, cared very little about the education of his intended bride. Every holiday he came over to the Mill with his father. He much enjoyed riding on the mill-horses, and listening to all the hammer and clatter of the mill; and he did not despise the butter-cakes and fish with which the miller's wife always regaled her honoured guests. He had not much to say to Mary, as he deemed himself far cleverer than the little maiden, who only went to a village school; but now and then he condescended to work with her in her garden, or to bring her an ivy plant from the wood, to be trained up against the wall; or he helped her in her attempts to convert common daisies, by careful culture, into double ones; an experiment which, to the children's great delight, proved successful. But Mary felt a secret joy when the tall school-boy took any notice of her, although, with unconscious maiden artifice, she appeared to be highly unconcerned; and when her mother said, "The Raus are coming to-day; I wonder whether they will bring George," she answered, quite indifferently, "I do not care whether the wild boy comes or not; he always frightens our ducks and hens."

The intercourse with the Raus was no longer so pleasant as it had been; an evil element had arisen in the quiet life there: to wit, a family law-suit. A brother of Frau Rau, who had once disappeared, had turned up again, and made claims on the property, which the Raus were not at all disposed to allow. This gave rise to weekly journeys to the lawyer in the town, and to daily vexation and annoyance. Every time that Herr Rau came to the Mill his temper was more excitable, his figure more stooping, and his moustache, which he had formerly tended so carefully, more untidy. His wife gave up all her dignified bearing, and came to the upper room of the Mill to weep over the money which the law-suit had cost, and over the vexation and annoyance which it had brought upon her husband.

"Make a compromise, friend; make a compromise," was the miller's advice. "Give the rascal what he wants, before this law-suit eats up house and home." Frau Rau nodded approval.

"We have not come to that yet," answered Rau; "we shall see who will hold out the longest, he or I. I will agree to no compromise." "You will repent of it, friend," said the miller. "I do not care," answered the farmer. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," suggested the miller's wife, in her quiet way. "Everything at its proper time, madam," said the farmer. "I have nothing to say against religion; on the contrary, I wish that my brother-in-law had more of it, and then he would not have raised all this disturbance. He ought to be a peacemaker; it is necessary for him. I did not begin the law-suit, and I only want my rights. It is also written in the Bible, that justice and righteousness shall reign on the earth. The farm shall belong to my boy, that is decided."

"And you see that it is eating his heart away," said the miller one evening, after a conversation of this sort, as he and his wife stood in the yard and watched the carriage as it drove away. "I have to thank my good father for never allowing me to involve myself in a law-suit; as he used to say, 'On the first day in which you go before the court to begin a law-suit, stop at a rope-

maker's on the way home, and buy a rope to hang yourself with, and then it will all be over at once."

The miller's wife did not exactly understand this extreme remedy against law-suits, and she only said, "You may be right as regards Rau," and went back thoughtfully into the house.

George had been with them that day, and had taken his leave of them, as he was going to a gymnasium in a large town. He and Mary had taken little notice of each other. He felt himself very important in his character of rising gymnasiast, and their parting had been cold and constrained. But her father's grave words about Rau fell deeply into Mary's heart. She had once seen a picture of "Prometheus Chained" at the school-master's, and whenever she did not see the farmer, she pictured him to herself with a great black bird sitting on his heart, and pecking at it.

The miller was not wrong. Three years after this visit, the blue chaise was seen driving slowly homewards, and the miller and his wife, dressed in black, stepped out, and were tearfully received by Mary. They came from Farmer Rau's funeral.

Sadly and silently they sat together in their inner room, by the table where their friend had so often sat with them. The miller scarcely knew what it was that had bound him so closely to the farmer, and yet he felt as if a part of his own life had passed away; they had so long shared joy and sorrow together.

"And I say that it has eaten his life away; I repeat it," said the miller, although no one had asserted anything else. "I have seen, for the last three years, that he gradually grew thinner, and that his coat hung loosely upon him."

"And his hair was never combed, and his beautiful moustache," exclaimed Catherine, the confidential servant, who was just bringing up the supper, and who permitted herself to put in a word.

"Stupid thing!" scolded the miller, in the midst of his grief, "his moustache was the most useless thing about him; it would not have mattered if that had come to grief. They say that he caught a nervous fever at Weilburg; but nervous fever is an internal disease."

"Certainly, my late father often said to us, 'I shall catch a nervous fever with you all,'" cried the incorrigible Catherine.

"Catherine, be good enough to hold your tongue," cried the miller angrily, disturbed in his sorrowful meditations.

The miller's wife was silent; she had spent the last few days entirely at the First, and had shared nursing and night-watching with the poor woman, whom grief had rendered incapable for anything. She had seen death, in all its terrors, frightfully near. The sick man was glad to have her beside him. He had often said before, "I should like the miller's wife very much, if it were not for her piety. Although she does not force it upon you, you can see by her eyes what she is thinking of you, if you go beyond bounds in word or deed." But now, not only her light hand, and silent attentive care, were welcome to him, but her quiet eyes, and the few soft comforting words which she spoke, refreshed him. He felt that she wished him well from the depth of her heart; and if, perhaps, he had been sometimes too prone to rest in the comfortable belief expressed in the proverb, that "when one is an honest fellow neither death nor devil can hurt him," yet he listened to the simple texts and verses of hymns which rose almost unconsciously, to her lips.

It was too late for debates and discussions, too late to bring about a formal conversion, after the fashion of

pious stories. How long the gates of home remain open for the son who wastes his substance far away from his father, though not in riotous living—whether his father runs to meet him when he has no longer the power to return of his own accord—that remains a secret between God and the soul.

Once, when the miller's wife had read to the sick man some of the beautiful words of promise, which hold out the crown of life to him who overcomes, he slightly shook his weary head, and said, with a return of his old humour, "My friend, let us not talk of crowns; I shall be glad if I can find a corner up in heaven." Those were the last words which he spoke, and the miller's wife clung in silent hope to the remembrance of them, while a splendid funeral sermon paraded the many public and private virtues of the deceased, and the bailiff's wife tried to console the comfortless widow with the thought of the speedy blessed reunion. "How happy my dear husband will be to see Herr Rau again; he always thought so much of him. Your husband has gone through a great deal lately, and this law-suit has caused him much trouble and vexation; but the Lord will richly reward him in eternity. 'They who sow in tears, shall reap in joy.' How surprised my dear husband will be when Herr Rau tells him of the way in which your brother, to speak with respect, has wronged him; but 'then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun.' It would be amusing, if it were not so sad, to see how easily people appropriate the promises of Scripture to themselves.

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY BLACKETT BOTTCHERBY, F.R.C.S.

THE frontispiece of our February Part represented a muezzin calling the faithful to prayer from the lofty minaret of a mosque. These mosques, or temples of Moslem worship, which are of such frequent occurrence, form the most conspicuous feature of oriental scenery in the towns of Mohammedan lands. Light and elegant, they spring into the blue of heaven, as much the objects of reverence to the followers of Islam as are to us the solemn and massy cathedrals of our own misty land. Lofty arches within shoulder up clustering cupolas, on which reposes one vast dome, surmounted by the crescent of Mahomet. These glorious domes, floating in the dreamy haze of an Eastern atmosphere, and covered with porcelain tiles of various hues, reflect in sparkling brilliancy the solar rays. At the angles of the mosque, minarets, circular or octagonal in form, rise gracefully upwards for sixty or seventy feet. These minarets, so beautiful a finish to the building, and so graceful a feature in the landscape, are used, like our belfries, for summoning the faithful to worship. In the still night, or when the morning star is fast fading into the waxing light, no sound is more melancholy sweet than the muezzin's voice, breaking, in plaintive cadences, the silence of the sleeping world, and rousing the slumbering sense to life and prayer. Within a projecting gallery, below the apex, stands this herald of their faith; and, heedless of the winter's blast or summer's fiery wrath, he commits his frequent summons to the four quarters of heaven. Anxiously he looks upon the dusky roofs below, and pauses listening for signs responsive to his call. Again his voice breaks clear and solemn through the trembling air, as chiding their delay, and then, catching on his glistening eyes the morning's blushing promise of the day, he hastens down, the foremost among the approaching Moslems, to breathe his orisons before the Mihrâb, towards Mecca's shrine. Before the façade of the mosque



expands a marble court, enclosed around by open cloistered galleries. In the centre of the enclosure rises, in graceful form, embellished with delicate tracery, a fountain-bath, where the faithful perform the ablutions prescribed by the Koran, before they presume to worship within the gorgeous shrine. The worshipper's first act of reverence is to deposit his shoes at the entry, ere, bare-footed, he stands within on holy ground. To show with what trifling technicalities the human heart can associate its most solemn duties, I may mention that a *soi-disant* Christian whom I knew, wishing, after having carefully studied their forms, to assist with Moslems at their service, was detected by commencing the removal of his shoe from the wrong foot, and among the excited observers narrowly escaped the reward due to imposture.

But now we are within the temple. What a goodly sight meets the eye! from the lofty, arch-sustaining columns upwards to the o'er-vaulting dome, resting its circlet base on scarcely less beauteous cupolas. Tinted with soberest hues, or relieved with costly marbles or mosaics, dome, cupolas, arches form one soft harmonious whole. Around the vaults above, and along the walls below, are registered, in graceful Arabic curves, every stroke of which is a picture, holy passages from the Koran, to raise the observer's thoughts to God in unity. How much more suitable around the dome of such a shrine are the words, "There is but one God, who is the light of the heavens and the earth," than those which a pretended apostolic church has circled round St. Peter's dome!—the words of holiest inspiration to countenance a grovelling superstition. Pendent from the roof and arches, high above, cluster down sparkling chandeliers and crystal lamps, enamelled with Koran texts in all the pictured hues of light, varied between by ostrich eggs. These hang floating half a dozen feet above your head, and when, at eventide, from lamps and lustres streams around a softened flood of light, where thronging worshippers are bending low in silent adoration, your inner sense is almost beguiled of its regret that, after all, this is but a kind of Pagan worship, and a pleasing subtle form of error.

The walls of the mosque are pierced with windows, behind whose tracery stained glass in richest tints convey the light of heaven, picturing upon the floor below devices quaint, resembling nothing that has form of life in heaven above, the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; for Moslem faith keeps literally to the commandment in this respect.

The farther extremity of the interior, like our chancel, or the Romish tribune, is the most important part of the building. It is a slightly-raised tent covered over with the most costly carpets from the looms of Persia and India. Opposite is the *Mihrah*, an arched recess, laboured into the most exquisite filigree work, and beaming with golden records from the visions of the prophet, when, according to Osmanli legends, he was caught up for Divine revelations to the seventh heaven. Towards this holy of holies every Moslem prayer is breathed, and all the varied postures of his piety directed with zeal as earnest as that with which certain Christians turn to the East, in their worship. The Moslem fancies he has sense and reason for his guide; for the arch, true to the compass, points his soul to Mecca, the city of his faith and hope. By this arch rises a lofty pulpit, from which an Imaum every Friday (the Moslem Sabbath) addresses the faithful clustered below, on the doctrines and duties of their creed. Over the floor of the body of the building, on mats or carpets, are scattered about adoring groups in various periods of their worship, and with a quiet earnestness which would shame many a

Christian assembly. Nothing can be more striking and solemn than the whole effect of the interior at such a moment. The ascending walls around and above are sparkling with polished agates and alabaster, majestic marble columns mellowed and tinged by time, rising loftily to the golden roof, that, arching, spans the whole, while far below the little creatures of a day, absorbed in raptured worship, or humbled, self-abased, are dreaming of a rest and peace which Christ alone bestows as the fruit of the travail of his soul. Another charm in the vision is that your eye rests alone on worshippers, unbroken by unsightly pews or chairs, that mar the architectural effect of Christian churches.

Such are the general features of a mosque in the principal cities of the East. Their form is one through the whole of Asia Minor, but their history is of the past. The mosques, as I have described them, were raised, in the palmy days of Mohammedan story, by men of other aspirations and energies than those who crowd them adoring now. The Moslem's soul is palsied: it withers within him. He is unequal to his fathers in arts as in arms. One marvels at the present apathy of the race, which leaves these elegant memorials of their fathers' piety and power to fall piecemeal to ruin, or only preserves by barbarous reparations a needed remnant for their present worship. I have seen the saw and the hammer deal recklessly with the most beautiful designs, and white-washed mud overlying the most delicate tracery. The Moslem of to-day cares for none of these things. He desires only to smoke his chibouque in peace, dreamily scan the past, and leave the future to the will of Allah.

If he rears a barbarous barrack now, he demolishes some noble monument of other days for its materials; witness the glorious arches and domes of the caliphs, torn asunder to serve as rubble to a modern hovel or a grave. The grandeur of the past and the decrepitude of the present are seen in nothing more strikingly than in the mosques. They form a key to the history and fate of Islam. At the period when the Sacred Standard of the crescent was never unfurled but to conquer, and when Christian nations withered before the flash of the Moslem scimitar, the arts and sciences flourished with unrivalled lustre among the descendants of Japhet.

Historians, philosophers, poets, and architects revived an Augustan age in the court of the successors of Mohammed. Then rose those *djamas* or mosques, which are regarded as among the most splendid specimens of architecture which survive the past. Now that the followers of the religion of the Arab are fallen on evil days, enervated by luxury, and a prey to the unrighteous intrigues of surrounding "Christian" nations, they can neither imitate their fathers nor maintain the past. A barbarous *parvenu* suddenly appears, aspiring to the glorious throne of "Suleyman the Magnificent." Like him, Mohammed Ali would rear a mosque for the glory of his worship, and for the refuge of his dust. High on the citadel rock of Cairo it sparkles, floating in the liquid air. Beautiful from afar, it looks, in garish contrast, down upon the mountain pyramids, the solemn temple-tombs of the Pharaohs of four thousand years ago. Admire it from afar, as it lives yonder far above you in the sky; but come not near. Enter not beneath the vast expanding dome, to mourn that Art should ever yield her chaste and simple majesty of form to gaudy display and barbaric tinsel-show.

Between the mosques of Suleyman and Mohammed Ali there exists as great a contrast as between the light and elegant arch of Titus and the neighbouring barbarism of Septimius Severus. There is nothing common

in either case but an established conventionality of form.

The victorious hordes of Islam once swarmed over prostrate Christendom like a flood, and nearly reached our own shores. The tide is fast ebbing now, and the Turk in his turn is doomed to witness harpy nations hovering around him, ere yet the pulses cease, eager for their prey. "The sick man" is said to be dying—still he clings with marvellous vitality to the religious traditions of his race. His uncompromising faith, which bore him on once, conquering and to conquer, till his outspread wings brooded over a third part of the populations of mankind, sustains him now, calm and resigned, in his adverse hour. Whether, in the providence of God, the Osmanlis are to retrace their steps self-possessed, towards the vast solitudes from which they originally emerged, or whether, in the imminent crisis of the East, Russia, always biding her time, and ever availing herself of the jealousies and distractions of peoples, will compel a third bloody exodus upon an unoffending race, who can tell? "The day will declare it." This only we know, that, whether in harassed retreat or in his death-struggle, the Moslem will deal terrible wrath upon his unrighteous foes, for he is unchanged in valour and honour. I owe him this justice; for in all my intercourse with him I have found him, with rare exceptions, honourable and truthful, courteous and hospitable. I have lived in his cities, and wandered a stranger unarmed in his solitudes, and have found peace and security in both. I have witnessed his consistency under trying circumstances, and in his devotions have admired the conduct and demeanour which have proclaimed a conscious worship, where all things have been "done decently and in order."

If I have had any regret at any time with regard to him, it has been in this—that he was untaught in the faith of Him who, after having "made his soul an offering for sin," "opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers." But where was he to learn this? In the lives of the Christians who throng his capitals? Alas! the "Frank quarter" is always the least reputable part of an Eastern city (of course I speak generally). Do you doubt it? Undeceive yourself by a visit to Galata, Alexandria, and Cairo. Was he to learn it from the missionary? Who, until lately, has "cared for his soul"? And now that we seem awakened to responsibility, what are our best and largest endeavours? Such as are quite incommensurate with the necessity of the case, augmented by long-neglected duty. Christian missionaries have indeed laboured long and much in Moslem lands. I have welcomed, on the burning plains of Armenia, the American herald of Christ, hastening on with his message of love and mercy to perishing souls. But to whose souls? Moslems? Alas! No. "This ought we to have done, and not left the other undone." Happily, however, at length, though late, we are roused to the occasion. To stir us more, may we ever remember that still "we are verily guilty concerning our Moslem brother." But some will speciously say, "Muslimans are so intolerant." Intolerant, yes! if you insult their religion. What should we think of a stranger coming among us to denounce, in our public streets, the object of our faith and worship? What of a Mussulman interrupting the services of our sanctuaries by the exercise of his own? Should we show the same forbearance towards the over-zealous, indiscreet stranger, which, *nominibus mutatis*, I witnessed once in St. Sophia? A Russian party of distinction, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, with their attendants, under the protection of the sultan's firman, entered that venerable

and august shrine during public service on the Moslem's Sabbath. The insulting purpose of their coming was soon made manifest. After bowing and crossing themselves in that abject manner in which the Greek worshipper degrades himself below the Latin, they all fell on their knees, and, opening their Church Services, commenced their mummeries side by side with the simple, wondering Mussulmans. Now, should we tolerate that? I trow not. And yet the Mussulmans did, engaging them only to desist; which they did, *but not till their object was effected*. They had succeeded in offering a worship to the cross, in open defiance of the crescent, after four hundred years of penal prohibition. This would be their boast through every future hour, and prove a specious viaticum in the final gasp of life.

Having no such prejudice to gratify, and it being bounden upon us by the Master's parting injunction, and by every principle of gratitude, to communicate that blessed Gospel by which, in the providence of God, we are distinguished above all the nations of the earth, let us use diligence so to prize and adorn the doctrine among ourselves, and to dispense it to others, that at the last we may be found to have been "good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

## RURAL LABOUR GANGS.

THE fact that there prevails, in some of the English counties, a system of labour bearing a remarkable resemblance to the system which formerly prevailed among the slaveholders of the West Indies, has, within the last few months, startled many of us with an unpleasant surprise, and aroused a widespread feeling of indignation. The existence of gangs of children and young persons working under the charge of a driver in tilling our fields, was hardly known to one person in a hundred, beyond the districts where the system prevailed; but, since the publication of the Sixth Report of the Children's Employment Commission, in March last, the subject has forced itself on public attention, and has met with the serious consideration it demands. With the Commissioners' report before us, we shall endeavour briefly to set the matter before the reader in its proper light.

The origin of the gang system, which dates about sixty years back, is said to be chiefly due to the old law of settlement. The farmers in "close" parishes pulled down the cottages in order to reduce the poor-rates; the labourers betook themselves to the "open" parishes, where they swarmed, and whence they had often to walk many weary miles to reach their place of work. From this state of things, the ganging system gradually arose; the first gangs probably consisting of adult labourers, who, as the wages of gangs decreased in amount, gave place to younger hands. The gangs were, and still are, mostly in request by the owners of large farms of from three to six or eight hundred acres, and by their means many of the cultivators carry on their work with less than half the number of regular labourers they would otherwise employ. The system is general in the counties of Huntingdon, Lincoln, Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Nottingham, and in a less degree in those of Bedford, Rutland, and Northampton.

Working gangs are both "private" and "public;" the private gangs being engaged by the farmer for his own work only, the public gangs being the speculation of a "gang-master," who hires the workers at as low a wage as he can get them for, and contracts with farmers to do certain work at a certain price, making

his profit out of the difference between his payments and receipts. As to the private gangs, the report furnishes but little positive information; of the public ones, it gives almost an exhaustive account. At the present time, the public gang consists of workers of all ages, from six years to twenty and above, and of both sexes, all working together. The wages they receive vary from threepence and fourpence a day for the youngest, up to tenpence and a shilling a day for the eldest. The work they do is of a very various kind, all of it laborious, and some of it painfully so: they weed the wheat and barley, thin turnips, pull up Swedes and mangolds, pick stones from the soil, dig and carry potatoes, scatter muck in the furrows after the plough, and, in short, do anything, within the compass of their strength, that has to be done. The nominal hours of labour are about nine on the average, but this does not at all represent the real labour of a public gang; they have to rise at an early hour, often in the starlight, to meet the gangmaster at the place of rendezvous; thence the whole gang, consisting of twenty, thirty, or forty, most of them children of tender age, start in a body, the gangmaster leading the way, perhaps on his donkey, for the place of work. In many cases, the work is miles distant; it may be two or three miles, but it will happen frequently that six or eight miles have to be tramped before the scene of labour is reached. On their arrival the whole party are set busily to work, and they work on until the dinner-hour, when they seat themselves on the ground and dine, generally, it is stated, on a piece of bread, sometimes flavoured with a morsel of cheese or an onion. When the work of the day is done, the gang is dismissed, and all start for home, the gangmaster, who acts as driver in the morning, leaving them to straggle back as they list. Were it not that the little ones are often carried home by the bigger ones, the former would sometimes not reach home at all; and it will happen that parents, going out to meet them on their return, will find them fast asleep in some shed or shelter on the road.

It is plain that, if work is carried out on this plan, almost everything must depend upon the character of the gangmaster, who is so situated that his interest is opposed to his humanity, and who had need be a man of principle and kindly feeling to fit him for his post. Unfortunately, it would appear that very little can be said in his praise; he is generally a man who "does not like to work himself;" he is "fond of drink;" he drives and "knocks about the little ones;" he is sometimes guilty of "foul and blasphemous language;" and in some instances he goes into prison for "vile and shameless assaults." As a mark of authority, he carries a stick or a strap, or both, and the backs and shoulders of the young ones are apt to become too well acquainted with these badges of office. Then he has a "back-breaker" in the person of a stout boy or lad, who is trained to do a good share of work, and whose performance is made the standard by which the work of the rest is judged. It is noteworthy, too, that the wage under a gangmaster, unlike the ordinary wage under a farmer, is dependent on the weather; if the work of the gang is interrupted by storm or tempest, the value of the time lost is deducted from the scanty pay; and hence it happens that children, after walking half a dozen miles to work, expecting to earn fourpence or sixpence each, will have to tramp home again without a half or a fourth of a day's wage. This, it is true, may be but one of the wretched contingencies for which the gangmaster is not responsible, but it tells heavily against the system of which he is the agent.

The advantages of the gang system to the farmer are indisputable as they are obvious, and it is not easy to see how the species of labour it supplies could be dispensed with on the wide fen lands of the eastern counties, where it is most in vogue. Its advocates also urge that it is advantageous to the farm labourer, inasmuch as it enables him to increase his income from the produce of his children's labours as soon as they are strong enough to work. This advantage, if such it be, is, it seems to us, counterbalanced by the effect of children's labour in lowering the money value of that of the adult, and further, by its tendency to render the man who has several children in the gangs too reckless and independent of his employer. To the children themselves, the advantages are but questionable, while the disadvantages are frightfully patent to view.

The Commissioners, in their report, enlarge on the injurious results of the system on the young, both physically and morally. Under the first head, it is shown by the testimony of numerous witnesses, including clergymen, magistrates, medical men, and parents of the children, that while gangwork may agree well enough with boys and lads of strong constitution, who do not enter upon it too early, it is most lamentably injurious to children of tender age, and especially to very young girls, for whom the work is far too laborious. It is shown that many diseases are superinduced by the exposure to which gangs are subject. "My girl," says a widow with eleven children, most of them gangworkers, "was a corpse from going in the turnips. She came home from work one day, when about ten and a half years old, with dizziness, and her bones aching, and died and was buried, and all in little better than a fortnight. The doctor said it was a violent cold that stuck in her bones." Other poor women have had their children crippled with chills and rheumatisms; and not a few of them complain of the cruelty of the gangmasters, and the brutal treatment the little ones especially receive at their hands. It is the practice of these drivers to take advantage of the spirit of emulation that characterises children, and to work them in competition with each other beyond their strength; a practice to which the "backbreaker" is made subservient. If the little ones drop or flag, the gangmaster beats them, or, to use an expression of one of the mothers, "drops into them." The little fellows do not like to complain, and even the mother who looks on will hold her peace, if she can, rather than irritate the gangmaster. Then the work is very trying; it has all to be done stooping, and the younger children cry out under the dull aching pain in the spine; it requires considerable muscular exertion, especially in pulling mangolds, picking stones by the apronful, or casting manure into the furrows; it often lacerates the hands severely, as in uprooting couch, the tough sharp blades of which slash the skin, so that the fingers and knuckles are cut up, and have to be "doctored" on reaching home. Labour of this kind in such circumstances, according to the Rev. Mr. Beckett, rector of Ingoldthorpe, subjects the children to ague, scarlet fever, rheumatism, pleurisy, and, it may be, eventually, to consumption; and it has a tendency to give rise to constitutional diseases which either terminate fatally, or incapacitate the sufferers for the remainder of their lives.

A large amount of evidence of a similar kind might be adduced, illustrative of the physical evils of which the gang system is the source; but we pass on to glance for a moment at its more hateful aspect, as shown in the moral evils of which it is the fruitful cause. On this part of the subject several clerical witnesses speak with uncompromising plainness, and in terms which we shall



not repeat. They point to the fact that the gangs are all mixed gangs, of both sexes, where, though children from seven to thirteen are in the majority, they are yet associated with lads and young men, with girls of marriageable age, and with women of corrupt morals and loose character. They show how impossible it is, in gangs thus constituted, where all are associated together for twelve or fourteen hours daily, with no means for one to escape from the observation of the rest, that any sense of modesty, decency, or self-respect can be cultivated; and they declare unreservedly that no such modesty or self-respect is recognisable in the members of the gang, the older workers being recklessly depraved and corrupt, and the younger ones in the way rapidly to become so. They tell us that a girl who has once become habituated to gang work and the associations of the gang is incapacitated for domestic service, even had she the chance of obtaining it, which she has not, because even the small farmers' wives would not receive her as an inmate. Thus the gangster girl learns nothing whatever of domestic management, and, when she becomes a wife, is more likely to drive her husband to the beer-shop than to make him comfortable at home; and, becoming a mother, wants not merely the art to train her children, but also the consciousness of her own deficiency in this respect. Many of the girls are ruined ere they arrive at womanhood, while the lads and young men become shamelessly sensual and depraved. Even the little children of tender years are heard to swear, in imitation of their elders; and it is affirmed of the boys that "he is the biggest hero among them who can tell the biggest lie and swear the broadest oath." It is needless to add that, as regards religion, the gang workers are "virtually heathens." One clergyman tells us that not five in a hundred of them ever enter a place of worship; and another states as a fact that there are numbers among them who have reached the verge of manhood, yet "have never learned the existence of God, or heard the name of a Saviour." As to education, the evidence is hardly more encouraging. Some of the children can read and spell imperfectly, and can guess at the figures of the multiplication table; but ignorance of the commonest facts, even of the name of the Queen, and of the county in which they live, seems to be the normal state of the child mind. Nor need this be wondered at, seeing that no provision is made for their instruction while they are under the rule of the gangmaster, and that they are too much fatigued after their day's work to profit by the instruction of the night school, even were they disposed to avail themselves of it.

What is to be done to rescue these unfortunate children from the predicaments of their lot? That is a question which many persons have asked, and are still asking. Some of the clergy of the ganging districts are of opinion that the system should be abolished altogether; but others, who should be no less capable of judging, see in it the means of supplying a species of labour which is, for the present at least, indispensable in the localities where it has long been available: and at the same time they see no reason why, under proper regulations, labour in gangs should not be as healthful and morally harmless as labour in any other form. Thirty clergymen, holding this view, have signed a petition to Parliament, praying that—

"I. No children should be employed under ten years of age.

"II. No children under twelve years of age should be allowed to travel on foot beyond the distance of three miles to or from their work.

"III. No children should be employed more than eight hours, including an interval of an hour for rest and refreshment in the middle of the day.

"IV. No gangs to be allowed to be composed of different sexes.

"V. No person to be allowed to superintend a gang, or act as gangmaster, without a special licence for that purpose, from one or more magistrates acting in and for the district wherein any such young persons may be so employed."

The Commissioners, in their recommendations to the House of Commons, concur in the proposals of the above petition, with some modifications, and they further suggest that the principles of the Factory Act should be brought into operation in regard to education; in which case the children would be compelled to spend a portion of the time now given to field-work in attendance at school. They also express their conviction that the abuses of the gang system can only be dealt with effectually by legislative enactment.

### TO CALAIS AND BACK.\*

"To Calais and back for seven and sixpence," is the purport of a violently illuminated broadsheet that the London wayfarer, during the summer months, may often have seen confronting him. Not dear, certainly; and, in fact, wonderfully cheap in comparison with the ordinary or non-excursion scale of travelling. There are finer French towns than Calais; but Calais is a better specimen than none at all, and many a Briton, rovingly inclined, may secure a view of baggy Zouaves and tight-belted douaniers at the Channel *vis-à-vis* as well as if he had gone to Paris, or Lyons, or Marseilles. There is a good deal to interest a stranger who travels with open eyes, even at Calais. Would that British travellers' eyes were kept more open, and their mouths more shut! Do I object to exercise of speech in a strange language? No, assuredly. Open-mouthedness in such an exploit, or at least such an effort, is a laudable condition; but alas, the *cau de vie*—the brandy!—it is that to which my memory reverts.

It so happened that the writer found himself an indweller of Calais for a while, the summer gone by. He saw many things worthy to be seen, and one thing most unworthy—a thing that made him ashamed of his excursionist countrymen and countrywomen for the time, especially those who make excursions on Sundays. It was an exceptionally fine day, the year 1866 considered, and a trifle past noon, when Calais jetty was peopled with men and women, clad in their Sunday best, on the watch for two Channel steamers that puffed away in the distance, gradually nearing land. The hotel-keepers had sent out their omnibuses, the estaminet proprietors their touters, and certain individuals, British born and French domiciled, were waiting to entice some from out the expected throng, to establishments boasting commissariats in the English style:—Roast beef and plum pudding, and pale ale, according to the card.

On the approach of the steamers, piermen handle ropes and shift planks, and exchange French nautical phrases, the meaning of which I am ignorant of. A few minutes and one steamer is moored, if mooring be the proper sea phrase for a ship that is made fast by ropes to posts on the jetty. Down go the planks, and up come

\* This paper was written before the rush of excursionists to the Paris Exhibition commenced; but we give it, as containing hints suitable to Englishmen at all seasons and in any part of the Continent.

the people, crowding like bees through the doorway in a bee-hive. Then there comes an unloosening of tongues, and then a Babel. English cockneys, ignorant of the Gallic tongue, vainly try to speak French. Frenchmen ditto, but *vice versa*. I know not who has the best of it. Certain disconsolate Britons rush with gestures of relief towards the English touters, who welcome my countrymen in their vernacular. They are spirited away in little droves towards those English houses of which mention was made anon, there to gain notions of French manners and customs as explained by English tongues. They arrive in groups mostly, those tourists, I remark; and in many cases there is one in the group who tries to lionize the others, through the possession, real or imaginary, of a power of French utterance to his companions unknown.

I had been staying at—well, no matter what hotel. There was a *table d'hôte*, and certain of the excursionists saw fit to patronize it. My chief regards were fixed on a party of four, two ladies and two gentlemen. Of this group of four only one spoke French, a lady, and she perfectly. She had to translate for all, and all were at her mercy. One of the two gentlemen was perhaps the very best specimen I have ever seen of an English fool; and here, *par parenthèse*, let me add that, when a Briton is a fool, there are few nationalities, according to my experience, that can come up to him. Everybody is fit for something when you only find out what it is. The speciality of this young gentleman seemed to be that of unlimited liability to pay. He had a remarkably long purse, with—as it appeared to me—only English coins in it; but, to do the natives of Calais justice, they show no indisposition to receive, at a free rate of exchange, British gold. It was his function to pay for all, as I observed.

Meanwhile, what had become of the bulk of excursionists? What had become of them, indeed! Going through the streets, I saw group after group reeling out from café and estaminet, smoking cheap cigars, and mostly inebriated. Their faces were flushed, and their voices loud. How they could have got so fuddled in so short a time was in a manner puzzling. A glance into the sitting-room of an estaminet, where some yet lingered, revealed the mystery. There I saw my countrymen and countrywomen sipping brandy as if against time. So indeed they were, for the departure was early; they must presently be on board again. Sadly, yet curiously, I watched the movements of the reeling crowd. There were show-booths and musicians; there were roundabouts, and ups-and-downs, toy wooden horses careering in a circle, and on the backs of these some of my fuddled countrymen and countrywomen must needs mount. That was how they spent their Sunday afternoon, for the edification of Frenchmen. Then some went purchasing ribbands and parasols; others bought brandy to smuggle in the recesses of their coat pockets. Tobacco, too, was much in request. Many an individual did I see who, if Dover custom-house officers were oblivious or kind, would have amply recouped themselves for the expenses of that day's excursion to Calais. These are amongst the things I saw one Sunday last summer at Calais. I fear it is a common occurrence enough; and, as a nation, it is little to our credit. Professing, as we do, to hold the Lord's day sacred, what must French people think of us, as by those Sunday excursionists exemplified? Surely it is mean, as well as sinful, to do what we profess not to do, for no better or more sufficient reason than that we find ourselves temporarily amongst people who make no professions of the sort. Pity that excursions are not

more truly international: our French neighbours would then learn that the excursion crowd of whom I have written do not constitute a fair exponent of the British nation. Nor can I conclude without an indignant censure on the proprietors of the steamers and the shareholders of railways, who, for their wretched gains, offer facilities for this desecration of the Sabbath and demoralisation of the people.

### THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

Towns rich in historical associations, and villages of charming beauty, surround Paris on all sides. Our sketch map shows the places offering the chief interest to strangers, and which can be visited even by those whose stay in the capital is most limited. The map also indicates the distance by time from the various railway stations, to which omnibuses are constantly running.

Versailles must be visited for its palace, with the galleries of painting and sculpture, its parks, its gardens, its fine pieces of water, and the two Trianons, residences famed in the history of Louis XIV, Marie Antoinette, and Napoleon. Saint Cloud is also rich in national recollections, chiefly of the time of the Empire. It is now the favourite residence of Napoleon III, as it always was of his uncle. The Château de Vincennes is noted as an ancient fortress, formerly one of the chief State prisons; the artillery museum has special attractions for military visitors. In the forest or Bois de Vincennes, a wanderer may find himself in solitudes which he would scarcely expect to find so near Paris, and



which strangely contrast with the crowds that throng the race-course or Hippodrome of Vincennes at the season of the French Derby day. On the north of Paris, is Saint Denis, with its church of the thirteenth century, containing the tombs of the kings of France. Sèvres, famed for its porcelain, is reached by either of the Versailles railways; Ville d'Avray being the station on the *rive droite* line, and Bellevue on the *rive gauche* line. The château of Saint Germain, and Compiègne, may also be visited; and no one should miss Fontainebleau who can spare a long summer day to see the wonders of its palace and the beauties of its forest.